

## CHINESE CUSTOMS.

The Labor of the Congressional Committee—Ex-Governor Low's Testimony—T. H. Hiss's Knowledge of Chinese Barteries.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]  
The Joint Congressional Committee met yesterday morning at the Palace Hotel. The proceedings were opened by Frank M. Pixley, who engaged the attention of the Commission for a few moments with a statement regarding the public opinion on the Chinese problem in this city and on the coast. He said that public opinion had never asked that the Chinese should be excluded from the State. The public mass-meeting in April last was participated in by the Governor and many prominent citizens, received the encouragement of the press, and therefore showed that all were united in sentiment on the absorbing question. The six Chinese companies did all they could to check the emigration, and said they would endeavor to send back all their countrymen who desired to go. The meeting held in April was not composed of the Irish any more than any other nationality. He read the resolutions passed by that meeting, and closed by asserting that another meeting, as large as that one, could be called as a few days' notice. He would prove all he had said in his argument the other day.

**EX-GOV. LOW'S TESTIMONY.**  
Ex-Gov. Frederick F. Low was the first witness called and sworn, he having been Minister to China for almost four years. He did not believe Chinese emigration was a benefit to the State, because of the Chinese disinclination to affiliate with American customs. But the world was so small that we could not prevent the emigration unless we blockaded our ports and kept them out. As to the number of emigrants who came to our shores from China, the greater number came from Canton, the most southern province of China. A great number came from Hong-kong. The majority of the men are laborers. The term coolie in China signifies contract labor. In China it is the lower class, or ungraded labor. When we speak of coolie emigration, it means contract laborers. The price in China for such labor is from \$5 to \$8 per month. The larger number of females brought here are for purposes of prostitution. In China prostitution is regarded as very degrading. A graduate of a college in China has to bring certificates that no member of his family has ever been guilty of prostitution before he can receive his diploma. The custom of

**MARRIAGE IN CHINA.**  
is that the parents attend to all the preliminaries. A Chinaman who is married is at liberty to buy another wife. He does not affect his standing in any way by so doing. The children thus sold have no option in the matter. Among the poorer classes female children are looked down upon, and frequently put to death. The religion of the Chinese is more a code of morals than a religion. It is simply the philosophy of Confucius. It teaches future existence in a hazy way. To this teaching the Buddhist doctrine is added, the whole making a strange mixture. I regard the teachings of Confucius as equal to those of Plato and Aristotle. The Chinese do not come here to make a home among us, but to make money and return to their own country. As far as I know, they do not come here under pressure from the Chinese Government. There is no such thing known in China as banishment for crime. When any civilized Government enters into a treaty with any barbarous or semi-barbarous nation, an anomalous state of affairs is produced. It is stipulated that the subjects of the civilized nation are not to be subject to the barbarian law, and, if he violates those laws, he must be tried before his Consul, and the same in all civil causes. This is the reason why China can not open herself to foreigners. An American can only engage in business in the trade ports. He can not hang out a sign in any town in China except in the open ports. He may travel, however, if he has a passport from his Consul, but it is not safe to do so in many parts of the country.

**THE CHINESE INFUX.**  
In 1854, 1,600 Chinamen arrived here. From '54 to '58 arrivals varied from 3,000 to 9,000. In 1868 Chinese emigration received a strong impulse from the demand here for labor. The Central Pacific Railroad employed a large number, perhaps 10,000. If 10,000 white men had been employed by the railroad we would have had that number of white men now among us. They would spend their money here, or a large portion of it. The Chinese send back their earnings to China. The road could not be built at a profit by white labor. It would have greatly increased the expense. The Chinese performed 80 per cent. of the work that the same number of whites would do. Chinamen worked for \$35 a month and boarded themselves, while the whites would have to be paid \$45 and board. White men do not like to work on the same level with Chinamen. The pressure of the Chinese has had a bad effect on the employment of our boys, crowding them out. It tends to degrade white labor, and causes many of our boys to be brought up as physicians, lawyers, etc., who should be at trades. From my knowledge the Chinese are too poor to come here at their own expense. They contract to serve until they pay back their passage. The Six Companies see that the contracts are fulfilled. The steamship companies refuse to take a Chinaman back to China without the consent of his company.

**A STRONG WHITE LABORER**  
now has no difficulty in obtaining, should be willing to work, remunerative employment in this State. The witness stated that he meant muscular labor. In 1867 the manufacturing of boots and shoes and cigars was just commencing by the Chinese. Don't think a white laborer can compete with Chinese labor in the manufacture of cigars. The introduction of Chinese labor has had about the same effect as the introduction of machinery has had. As most of the Chinese emigrants embark from Hong-kong, in the opinion of the witness an arrangement would have to be made with the English Government to prevent the embarkation of Chinese to this country. The experience of the witness in dealing with the

Chinese has been limited, but, as a general thing, he had found them honest in their dealings. Coolies could not be brought from Hong-kong here as they are brought from other ports to Peru. I do not know that the State Government has put obstacles in the way of Chinese settling among us or becoming citizens. We furnish silver to China, and look to that country and India as a market for our silver. Chinese labor is not cheap in comparison with labor in the East.

Mr. B. You are aware that the Union Pacific was constructed by white labor. Now, how many of those fine, hardy Irishmen did you observe settled along the route?

Ex-Gov. Low. I can not answer such a question as that.

**CHINESE COMPETITION.**  
In reply to a question by Senator Sargent, the witness said that the local Chinese trade was formerly controlled in a great measure by foreigners, is now nearly altogether in the hands of Chinese. They have driven out our merchants. We are opening quite a large trade with China in the matter of flour. They do not consume a large quantity of the article. We have been receiving a large class of emigrants by rail for several years. They seek homes in the State. If we should substitute Chinese labor in manufactures it would be impossible to state what the effect would be.

Mr. B. questioned the witness at length concerning his opinion in regard to whether Chinese labor does not permit the white people to compete in manufactures which it would be utterly impossible to carry on without them. But the witness was unable to give a decided opinion. He considered, however, that the Chinese on the Pacific coast discouraged white emigration from the East.

**The Highest Monument in the World.**

The new cast-iron spire of the Cathedral at Rouen has just been completed. The *Somme Religieuse* of that diocese publishes the following particulars relative to the comparative heights of the principal monuments of the globe, as contrasted with this new work. None of the structures raised by the hand of man has made so magnificent or so lofty a pedestal for the Christian Cross. The dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, the marvel of modern art, thrown up to the skies by the genius of Bramante and Michael Angelo, has raised the emblem to 452 feet above the ground. Strasburg, the highest Cathedral in all France, reaches, with its celebrated clock tower, 465 feet; Amiens, 439 feet; Chartres, 399 feet; Notre Dame, at Paris, has only 222 feet. The Paris Pantheon, considered one of the boldest edifices, does not exceed 308 feet, the cross included. On another side, the highest pyramid, that of Cheops, measures 478 feet, according to some travelers, 465 feet according to others, and this latter calculation is the one generally adopted—a height which no known human construction has hitherto exceeded. The pyramid of Chephrem has 436 feet, that of Mycerinus 177 feet. Among more modern edifices the dome of St. Paul's, London, has 360 feet; that of Milan 375 feet; the Hotel de Ville, of Brussels, 352 feet; the Square Tower of Anselmi, Italy, 351 feet; the dome of the Invalides, Paris, 344 feet; St. Sophia, at Constantinople, only rises to 190 feet; the leaning tower of Pisa to 187 feet; the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, to 144 feet; the Pantheon of Agrippa to 141 feet; the Observatory of Paris to 88 feet. The dome of the Capitol at Washington, including its statue, reaches 307 feet in height, Trinity Church steeple being 284 feet. From these figures, which are given in round numbers, it will be seen that the spire of Rouen, which has a height of 492 feet, is the most elevated monument in the world. The old one, commenced in 1544, on the plans of Robert Beaucourt, destroyed by the fire of September 15, 1822, and which was justly considered one of the boldest and most perfect works in existence, had a height of 433 feet it was therefore 59 feet less than the present spire.

**An Eccentric Frenchman.**

Vivier, the eccentric Frenchman who has made it the business of his life to worry the Custom-house inspectors of all European countries, has returned to France. His wont formerly was to pack a huge trunk full of trouser straps, such as are worn with gaiters, using hydraulic pressure if it were necessary to cram five bushels into a three-bushel space; then to lure the inspector to open it as a suspicious package, when naturally the contents were overset, and the whole force of the Custom-house was occupied for hours in putting them back. A powerful Jack-in-the-box was another device of his that was very successful. His latest performance at Boulogne is thus recounted: "M. Vivier placed his valise and traveling-sack on the counter. 'What is in this traveling-sack?' 'Two rattlesnakes,' said M. Vivier, meekly. The inspector jumped back, and said it was unnecessary to open it. 'And in this valise?' 'Three more rattlesnakes,' softly responded M. Vivier. The inspector knitted his brows for a moment, consulted a tariff, and replied in an awful voice, 'That makes five rattlesnakes; there is no duty on rattlesnakes unless there are six or more. Pass this gentleman's luggage!'"

The Jews have five synagogues in San Francisco. The German Jews are in the majority, and are exceedingly liberal in their opinions, and their service is conducted on the reform plan. The Polish Jews, on the other hand, are very rigid; consequently a strong antipathy has grown up between these two sects of the Jewish Church. The Jews maintain their own poor, and contribute liberally to the support of all other religious communities. They have many benevolent societies, perfectly organized, and men and women take their fair share of work and visitation.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial tells how Anna Dickinson, when a girl, and her elder brothers were persecuted by their schoolmates for being Quakers, vanquished the offenders with a hot poker.

## How a Book Agent Was Beaten With His Own Weapons.

He came in briskly and sat down with a jerk. One end of his paper collar reared over his left ear; a quailing snarl of last week's clothes hung about him. He turned his glass eyes upon us, and, loosening his india rubber-tongue, he began:

"The Universal History of the Universe—in 2,000 installments—fifty cents an installment—300 engravings—'Stop, my friend. Restrain the intellectual flow—dam up that torrent of eloquence. Listen to me—do you know what has come to me since I saw you last? It was in Octo—'

"But, sir," interrupted the book agent, "you never saw me before!" "Never saw you? Impossible! Could any one who had once gazed on those noble lineaments ever forget them? Could that coy waltz on the nose ever be forgotten—or that eloquent mole on your iron jaw? Never, never! It was in October that I met you last. Blessed October—that month of ripeness and sober passion! Do you know of all the months in the year October is—"

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed the book agent, rolling his brass eyelids in desperation; "you are—"

"Pardon me, sir; I can not allow any man to hold the reins of conversation over me—I will not be interrupted—to resume: my great grandmother was the perfect woman of her age that you ever saw. She was 132 years old, and yet was as chipper as the best of us. My brother, who was an inventive man, put her on a pair of wheels, and it would have done you good to have seen her scot around. I suppose ours was the only family who could boast of a grandmother on wheels, and yet—"

"But, sir, I am in a great hurry, and—"

"You must positively not interrupt me, my friend. As I was saying before, when a man has a family growing up around him, it is hard to say which one he loves best. And yet that boy of mine, with that starchy mark on his left ear. There's a queer story connected with that starchy mark that would please you—have you a child?"

"I am the father of thirteen miserable children," he replied.

"Ah, then, you can sympathize with my story. You have been a mother yourself! Ah, who can sound the depth of a mother's love! It is as deep as an Artesian well, as high as a liberty pole. It soars like a Chinese kite, it grovels like a ground hog. It is sweet to be a mother. It gives us a new life, and fills us with a broad, deep, sweet—"

"Really, sir, I haven't time," broke out the perplexed and desperate agent.

"Now, there you go again. You throw me out every time. But to get back to our conversation. I do think he was the sweetest dog I ever saw. Although he was quite young when he was born, he seemed to take to learning naturally. When I would send him to drive the pigs out of the yard, he would take the pigs patronizingly by the ear."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the book agent dolefully, "quite a bright dog—quite bright—but would you like this un—"

"Interrupting me again there! But it doesn't matter. To resume: as I said before, the boat was very small and quite cranky. It rocked wild, and the girl became excited, and it was hard to control her. You have doubtless been on the water, and understand—"

Just here the book agent rose, his steel joints snapping viciously. He cast one wild, scared look around him and made for the door. Having reached the door, he turned and looked back hungrily. He brightened up as if he were going to open the conversation again, but he gulped his sorrow down and fled.

"Come back and see us again," we called blandly over the stairs. "You are such a good listener it's a pleasure to talk to you. Yes, come again! Come during the next Centennial!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**Etiquette in Irish Burials.**

It is generally believed that all questions of precedence are merged in the grave; such, however, does not appear to be the opinion in Ireland, where, according to the *Freeman's Journal*, a frightful row took place the other day in a burial-ground on this point. It seems that two men, Thomas Slattery, and his son-in-law Patrick Clancy, were found drowned in a little river on the roadside, about eight miles from Nenagh. A car and a dead horse were also found in the river.

At an inquest held on the bodies a verdict of "found drowned" was returned by the jury, the impression being that neither of the men was drunk, but that they were accidentally thrown into the river by the upsetting of the car. Thus far, barring the result of the unfortunate casualty, matters went comfortably enough. The men were dead, but no stigma rested on their characters, and it only remained to deposit their bodies in their last resting place. Here, however, a question of an extremely painful and embarrassing nature arose at the last moment. When the coffins containing the remains arrived at the graveyard, the friends of Slattery insisted on "their corpse" entering the graveyard and being buried before the corpse of the Clancy party. On the other hand, Clancy's friends were equally determined that this honor should be paid to "their corpse," the idea being that the corpse brought into the cemetery and buried last would have to act as servant to the other in the next world. The result of the discussion was a general fight, and several broken heads and bleeding noses.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Society of Friends in the United States has under its charge 20,000 Indians. The seventh annual report of their executive committee states that at Rossville, Kan., the Pottawatomies have 95 farms, a boarding-school, and a school farm. The Kickapoos, in Kansas, have also a boarding-school and school farm. Many of the children are advanced in arithmetic, grammar and history. The Modocs have 200 acres enclosed, have log-houses built by themselves, and are well disposed. The Friends are confident that the Indians can be both Christianized and civilized.

## SEASONABLE RECIPES.

**Plain Fruit Cake.**—A cup of sweet milk, 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of flour, 1 pound of raisins, 1 cup of currants, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of cloves, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, 1 nutmeg, 2 eggs, well beaten, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

**To Color Kid Gloves.**—India ink dissolved in water and applied evenly with a camel's hair-brush will give a jet-black color. A quarter of an ounce of extract of logwood in 2 ounces of brandy will give a lilac; increase the proportion of logwood and a darker color is produced, even to one nearly black. Strong tea gives a handsome brown.

**Ink Stains on Paper.**—Moisten the paper with water applied with a camel's hair brush or a sponge; wet the paper in a solution of oxalic acid in the proportion of 1 ounce to 4 pint of water. The stain will instantly disappear. Then wash the place gently, and dry with white blotting-paper.

**To Bake Pears.**—Wash 1 peck of partly ripe pears, and put them in a large earthen jar that will sit into the oven. Take 1 quart of good sirup, and 1 quart of water, and fill up the jar with it. If it does not cover them, add more. Throw in some sticks of cinnamon. Let them bake in a moderate oven from 2 to 3 hours, or until the pears are very soft and the sirup almost like candy.

**Fried Sweet Potatoes.**—Peel the sweet potatoes; slice them about a quarter of an inch thick, or cut them in shavings, round and round, as you would peel a lemon; dry them well in a clean cloth, and fry them in lard or dripping; take care that your fat and frying-pan are quite clean; put it on a quick fire; watch it, and as soon as the lard boils and is still, put in the slices of potatoes and keep moving them till they are crisp; take them up and lay them to drain on a sieve; send them up with a very little salt sprinkled over them.

**Lettuce Salad.**—The yolks of 2 hard-boiled and 2 raw eggs, large tablespoonful of dry mustard; rub together and add gradually fine olive-oil till very stiff; thin with juice of small lemon; add more oil till of a large bottle is used; salt to taste, and add small wineglass of good vinegar. When prepared it should be of the consistency of paste, nearly stiff enough to hold the spoon upright; add capers, if for lobster, and olives also if for chicken salad; dress just before serving; 10 minutes will "flatten" the best dressing ever made if allowed to stand on celery or lettuce. Be sure the oil is perfect.

**Scenes in and About Belgrade.**

To get from Vienna to Belgrade is by no means difficult, yet by no means pleasant. There are two ways of going. One, partially by rail; the other entirely by steamer. By the former route one may travel on the railroad as far as the small Hungarian town of Mohacs, and there go by boat to Semlin, which connects with Belgrade by a ferry. Any one who takes this route will wish he hadn't taken it, as the train goes only a little faster than an ordinary pack mule, and the supposed connection with the steamer at Mohacs is in most cases an extreme uncertainty. The other route, by water to Semlin, is much preferable, though by no means unobjectionable. Almost every one who goes to Vienna goes a little further and sees Pesth. This part of the Danube, between the Austrian and Hungarian capitals, is, of course, not equal to the Rhine, or Hudson, or St. Lawrence, or the Mississippi. There is really no scenery. Pesth bids fair soon to rival Vienna. Its situation is far superior. Since the situation of the two towns on either side of the river there has been immense enterprise shown in building, and every year the city grows in extent, in the magnificence of its public edifices and in the beauty of its architecture.

The steamboat leaves Pesth for Semlin three times a week. At the advice of the Captain I went on board the night before, as he said "the Russians filled up the berths early in the morning." It was not hard to understand the caution when, on the following morning, soon after sunrise, about two dozen subjects of the Czar and allies of the Serbians came scuffling on board to secure places in the cabin. The presence of the ordinary Russian is, perhaps, least agreeable on a small river steamer. Their table manners are, to say the least, not appetizing, nor do they occupy the cabin and conduct themselves during the hours of repose in either a graceful or attractive manner. To relieve the monotony, however, we had the pleasure of the company of several Serbian dignitaries, attired in long, black robes and gorgeous blue sashes. The language of the Serbians and Russians, combined with a sprinkling of Hungarian and German, afford a good idea of the "confusion of tongues" at the Tower of Babel. The most invigorating and exhilarating thing, was to see the ablutions of these gentlemen, in a moderate-sized basin. The absence of any towels on the steamer added a lively interest to the scene.

The Danube below Pesth is not familiar to the ordinary European traveler. The river is quite broad, the banks low, and the country a good deal wooded, but, in many spots, very fertile. Considering that the river is navigable all the way, and the water power tolerably good, it seems extraordinary that there are so few towns of any size along the banks. Often, for miles and miles, the only signs of life and activity are the floating grist-mills, of which there are 12,000 in Hungary, on the Danube and its tributaries. The appearance of the peasantry is a strange mingling of the western and the Oriental. The men wear long flowing white robes, like petticoats, except the shepherds and herdsmen, who dress in sheepskins, and look like Asiatic nomads. The women are less extraordinary in their attire. They are chiefly noticeable for their brilliant red petticoats, which are very conspicuous in the fields or along the river. Belgrade, as regards its situation, is decidedly attractive. On approaching, you imagine it to be one of the prettiest of towns. It is built on the slope of a hill running down to the Danube. At the most promi-

nent point is the fortification, famous historically from its connection with the Turkish conquests, now almost deserted, not a sentry visible, not a cannon frowning on the river below. A little below is the Greek Church, outside plain, almost homely, inside rather richly decorated. Further on is the English hospital, with the English and Serbian flags floating over it. All these buildings stand conspicuously above the town. Below them and around them are the ragged, ill paved, dirty oriental streets, the badly built, yellow-looking houses, the steep alleys connecting with the street along the river by steps, on which the half-naked beggars sit and beg for alms. At one end of the town are the remnants of one or two broken-down mosques. The shops are dark, mean and dirty, with signs in the old Russian-like letters of the Serbian alphabet, in some cases in German and Hungarian.—*New York World Correspondence.*

**A Brave Little Girl.**

Recently a tramp called at the residence of an old lady named Askew, near Covington, and finding that the woman and her grandchild—a girl of about twelve years of age—were the only occupants, ordered them to give him some food. The old lady set before him the best she had prepared in the house, but he refused to eat it, and ordered some ham and eggs fried. The little granddaughter ran into an adjoining room, and procuring a shot-gun, she presented it at the fellow and told him that he didn't get out at once she would blow his head off! The fellow saw at a glance that the child meant business, and wasn't to be fooled with, and he ran out of the house and made his way to the road as fast as his legs could carry him. The little girl followed him with her shot-gun until he was off the premises, when she marched back and put up her gun.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

**PREMATURE LOSS OF HAIR,** which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of BUNNETT'S COCAINE.

**AN OLD, TRIED FRIEND.**

For twenty years TUTT'S PILLS have proven the friend of the invalid, and through all the changes of that period tens of thousands still stick to their old friend, and as many more are daily testing their virtues.

**TRANS AND BAKING POWDER** sent direct to families. Agents wanted, Woodworth & Cook, St. Louis, Mo.

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